SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Howard Colored School at Columbia, S. C., has 700 pupils.

—Boston University has 510 students—397 young men and 113 young women.

—An effort is being made to raise $25,000 for a scientific building for Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

—There are now three departments in operation in the University of Cincinnati and the total number of students is larger than at any period in its history.

—Glasgow, Scotland, has the best ventilated University in the world. The central steeple rises to a height of 200 feet, and 1,000,000 cubic feet of pure air are forced into the building every hour.

—Of the $130,000 required to put the Harvard Divinity School on a proper basis, $106,000 have been subscribed, and the committee now make an earnest appeal to the Alumni, and to all ministers interested in unsectarian theological education, to aid in making up the remainder.

—The University of Michigan has sixty-five instructors, with ten assistants. The total number of students is 1,427. The work and the organization of the School of Mines are dropped. A new chair—that of the Science and Art of Teaching—has been established, and instruction in Sanskrit is now provided.

—Archbishop Purcell said, in a recent sermon at Cincinnati: "I now solemnly declare before Almighty God and this congregation that not one dollar of the money that was entrusted to my care was lavished in luxury by myself or agents, or expended in any manner for our personal benefit; and no matter how unworthily I may appear in your eyes, I humbly ask that you pray to Almighty God for me." His health has been very bad since the financial disaster in his diocese.

—The college book of Harvard gives statistics showing that out of 943 Harvard students who graduated between 1869 and 1875, inclusive, 360 were Unitarians or Liberals, 217 Episcopalians, 126 Orthodox Congregationalsists, forty-six Baptists, twenty-five Presbyterians, sixteen Methodists, twelve Swedenborgians, eight other Trinitarians, two Quakers, fifteen Catholics, two Jews, one Mormon, and 113 undecided. Seats are furnished the students at the expense of the college at any church of their own election.

—The Western Church Building Society is a new Protestant Episcopal organization, whose President is Bishop Whipple. Its mission is the building of churches and parsonages in the region between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. Its plan is to help churches which show disposition and ability to help themselves. It stipulates that a church shall raise three times as much as it asks for from the society, and that no help will be furnished to a church on which a debt is to remain. The desire of the promoters of this society is to encourage needy churches in building with economy and to secure convenient houses of worship rather than very gorgeous ones.

A Primitive Brazilian Village.

In Erere, a typical village of the semi-civilized Amazonian Indians, we shall learn how it is possible for men and women to live almost separated from the civilized world; how a single family can provide themselves, not only with food, but with house, furniture, utensils—everything in fact but clothing and a few coarse articles of iron and steel. Wherever we go we will meet with nothing but kindness and unostentatious politeness. For instance, walking across the weedy plot in front of our windows we can call on old Joao Baptista, the best hunter and the best fisherman in the village. Joao rises to meet us, offering his hand (everybody shakes hands here, even more than in the States), and inviting us to a seat on the rough wooden bench by the door. He is dressed in coarse canvass trousers and short jacket or shirt; the cloth is stained dull red with murnchy. It is soiled, for this is his work-day dress; but you may be sure that it covers a clean body. The old man is busily shaping a paddle, using his clumsy knife very cleverly on the hard itauba wood. He converses quietly, answering our questions and asking a few in return, but he is not talkative.

The women of the house remain at a distance unless they are spoken to. The code of social life here does not permit them to intrude their presence on male visitors. If the lady of the party is with us they sit by her side, curiously examining her clothing and asking simple questions about her country—the far-away, wonderful land, which, like Rome and paradise and heaven, exists to them only in name. The little ones, after the universal child-greeting of extending their palms for a blessing, stand watching us silently.

Examine the structure of the house. Roughly hewn logs of itauba and pao d'arco for the uprights set in the ground they will last for fifty years. Beams and rafters are of other hardly less durable timbers; the joints are secured with pegs or with strips of bark. Roof and sides are covered with excellent palm-leaf thatch, tied on in regular layers, like shingles. As for floor, there is Mother Earth, with a few mats laid down under the hammocks. There are no windows, and the door-ways are closed with palm-leaf mats. So you see the whole house is formed of materials which every Indian can gather in the forest with no other tools than his heavy wood-knife and clumsy, straight-handled ax. Some houses have the sides built up with lumps of clay gathered from the lowland creeks; walls of this material, supported by a frame-work of poles and sticks, are durable but very unsightly. In the larger places they cover the adobe with plaster and whitewash the outside very neatly.

The dwelling does not boast of much furniture. Besides the reed mats and cotton hammocks, there are only two or three benches (the boards of which have been hewn out of solid logs,) and some green wooden trunks with preposterous keys. These latter contain the festa dresses; the coarser, work-day garments hang on lines behind the hammocks. The trunks are rather articles of luxury than of necessity; in other houses we will see great balaio baskets taking their place; but every well-to-do-Indian considers it incumbent on him to have a trunk, if he can get it for money or credit. The last items of furniture are two low stools, which attract our attention by their singularity. One is made of the dry, hard skin of the alligator's breast, curved inward so that the scaled surface forms the seat and the incurled edges the feet, the other is the shell of a large terrapin, common in the neighboring woods. Under the roof there is a *geral*, or staging of poles, for mandioca baskets, dried fish and various pots and kettles. The most of these, however, are in a little shed-like kitchen back of the house. Every Indian dwelling, no matter how poor, has its kitchen separated from the main structure. The primitive fire-place is formed of three large stones; for bellows there is a little mat-fan, or, very likely, the puffing lungs of the brown cook. Among the articles of cuisine we may observe an iron kettle, or a tin coffee pot; but these are by no means necessities; most of the older women can manufacture their own cooking-ware of coarse clay.

Joao's wife is willing enough to show us how the earthen kettle and jugs are made; indeed, she was preparing for her potter's work when we came in; the dried balls of clay have been soaked in water over night and are now ready to be kneaded.

There are calabashes and turtle-shell pans, and gourd bottles, and wooden spoons; baskets, small and large; clay-lamps for burning fish-oil and so forth. Joao's wife has a few coarse plates and bowls, with knives, forks and spoons, which she has purchased in Monte Alegre; very often the plates are replaced by native earthen-ware, and the bowls by calabashes, and it is no unusual experience for a traveler to be reduced to the Indian eating implements—the fingers.—*From "Brazil," etc., by Hubert H. Smith.*

Notes and Whys of Travel.

Why should so many second-class hotels with the furnishings, structure and general inconveniences of a generation ago rival the genuine first-class houses only in their prices?

Why is the American hotel breakfast or dining table such a silent, sad, serious affair? Why dare no one raise his or her voice above a whisper? Why does it so often seem as if the corpse was laid out in the next room?

Why does every one prick up their ears when you make an audible remark? Why cannot we import a little French ease and gayety at our public tables?

Why have some hotels such imposing "wine lists" on the backs of their bills of fare when the bread is poor, the coffee chicorized, the tea feeble, the vegetables over salted and the meats greasy?

Why might not brakemen be drilled in some preparatory school of railway elocution and there taught so to enunciate their syllables that the anxious passenger shall catch some intelligible sound? Why should "ville" be the only syllable heard of "Bogusville," or "hannah" the only intelligible hearing given of Susquehannah? Why not make the brakeman call the name twice rather than that the perplexed passenger be carried past his place of designation once?

Why do not all hotel chambermaids cleanse hotel bureau drawers of the remains of odoriferous lunches, medicine vials and general uncleanliness left by former lodgers?

Why should the hotel waiter keep this guest waiting so much longer for his dinner—and a poor one at that—than the man who slips a quarter into his dusky palm?

Isn't it funny and sometimes tedious to find but two waiters at table to every square acre of dining room in your $3 per day hotel?

Isn't it amusing, yet withal exasperating to see a head waiter directing the movements of these two waiters and looking on complacently while you wait half an hour for dinner, and all at your $3 per day hotel?

Why do some landlords encourage a chronic lot of town or village loafers to dawdle about the front entrance to stare every lady guest who comes in or goes out?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Ar-kan-saw or Ar-kan-sas.

The true pronunciation of our State is receiving that serious attention which its importance requires. A joint committee from the Eclectic and Historical Societies have had the matter under consideration, and will report at the May meeting of the latter. While the latter pronunciation, above indicated, accenting the middle syllable and sounding the final *s*, has the sanction of some polite usage, it is understood that the committees are largely and decidedly in favor of the original pronunciation given by the French, and will report the pronunciation as nearly correct, which is in use by the mass of old citizens, giving the Italian sound of *a* in each syllable, the final *s* silent with a slight accent on the first and last syllables. The only objection to what is called the vulgar pronunciation is that the final *saw* is too broad. It should be *sa*, with the sound of *a* in father. It is to be hoped that some settled pronunciation will be established, which lexicographers may intelligently adopt—a thing which has never yet been done.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

The Hotbed of Nihilism.

The attention of the Russian Government is considerably occupied with the theological seminaries of that country, which seem to be hotbeds of Nihilism. The clergy forms in Russia a distinct class, and the theological students, who are clergymen's sons, are kept in strict confinement within the seminary walls where they lead a most unhappy life. Without this restraint it would be impossible, it is said, to recruit the ranks of the clergy. When they leave college their hearts are full of hatred for a Government which has treated them so harshly; they readily listen to revolutionary suggestions, from whatever quarter they may come, and upon returning to their native villages become apostles of Nihilism. It is hardly expected, however, that the Government will endeavor to check the evil otherwise than by violent means—a course which will inevitably make matters worse.

Fat and Lean Pork.

Some of our readers may think this a contradiction, but it is quite possible to grow pork with that happy medium of fat and lean so much relished. The greatest obstacle to it is the general method adopted in feeding pigs. They are fed on food merely adapted to lay on fat, and with a scant proportion of albuminoids to grow the muscles or lean meat. Pigs have thus been grown and fattened for so long a time that they seem to have taken on only lean meat enough to hold the body together. Except when on grass, the pig is plied almost wholly with corn, which is excessively rich in starch and fat. Some breeds have become so constituted that they will get fat on grass. The pig, in its natural state, does not get excessively fat, but is nearly as lean as a beef animal. If young pigs are fed on nitrogenous food, such as skimmed milk and grass, they will be found to grow rapidly—extend the frame and muscular system, having only fat enough to round out the body to comely shape. Pigs should always be full fed; but this does not necessarily mean cramming with corn, which merely piles on the fat till the young pig becomes diseased. It is this mode of feeding for so many hundred generations that has transformed our swine into lumps of fat with a few strings of muscle to tie the ball together. To reverse this work of improper feeding will take some time, but it can and must be done. Witness the great change from those overgrown fat hogs which were bragged of years ago, but are now seldom seen, because the market does not call for them. We do not undervalue corn, which is the best fattening food the American farmer possesses; but we should be glad to have them avoid its too free use in feeding pigs, and substitute a more nitrogenous food, such as oats, peas, wheat, bran or middlings, a little oil meal, decorticated cotton-seed meal, rye, bran or barley—any of these. Corn may be fed sparingly with clover or skimmed milk. Our Canadian neighbors can raise fat and lean pork with grass, peas, barley and corn. We must have a grass diet for pigs generally, and, with this grain may be fed. Farmers sometimes forget that the pig is a grass-eating animal as much as the horse, and needs fibrous food to keep him healthy. Nicely cured clover is relished by pigs in winter, especially when raised on grass. If you want fat and lean pork, a strictly corn diet must be reserved to the last stage of feeding, simply to harden the pork; yet a little corn may be fed all through the life of the pig, only giving these other nitrogenous foods with it. Pork grown in this way is relished by most people, and will always find a ready local market.

No more important question than the above has ever been discussed in our columns. At one time lard was the most valuable of all the hog product; but it has ceased to possess exceptional value, and now the desideratum in pork production is to bring about a good development of flesh.—*Home Weekly.*

Fruit Trees on Lawns.

We have often said, plant fruit trees for ornamental trees. A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle* puts the question: "Why are not fruit trees more generally planted on lawns for ornamental purposes?" The idea seems to prevail that fruit trees must be confined to the orchard or kitchen garden; yet what can be more beautiful than the pale pink and white of the apple blossom, the pure white of the cherry and pear, and the deep rose of the peach? Cherry trees literally white with blossoms are of no rare sight, and what is more charming than the graceful branches clad in spotless purity. Then, too, the ripe fruit, in thick clusters upon them, is no less pleasing to the eye than gratifying to the taste. There are many species and varieties of trees which are planted in yards and lawns, which have no more sightly appearance than an apple tree, without its wealth of fragrant bloom, or its showers of luscious fruit. On the Continent fruit trees are planted along the sides of highways and lanes, and the fallen produce is looked upon as common property, provided the traveler does not trespass for it. Even in suburbs of cities and large towns, where but a few feet of land is allotted to each home, and where one would suppose that every inch of room would be made available, the front yards are planted with evergreen trees, or purely ornamental shrubs, to the utter exclusion of apple, pear or plum trees—any of which would be far preferable in every respect."—*Boston Traveller.*

Grass.

We think there is more attention just now given to the cultivation of grasses than heretofore. Still the most popular of our grasses and forage plants, the most approved seasons of sowing, and the best modes of managing them, are very likely to be the results of our forefathers' best experiences, and we would by no means hasten to inaugurate a revolution in these matters, merely because a few isolated instances show that something better did occur in a few cases. Yet we know that changes are continually occurring in the circumstances of agriculture. It may have been that the kinds and modes of culture were not intrinsically the best, but the best which the circumstances afforded, and with our changed circumstances why may we not find some things better suited to us now, than the things which our forefathers left us? These reflections will always favor the isolated cases of successful change referred to, and we should always hold ourselves open to review and re-examine even our most time-honored practices. Sowing grass alone, instead of setting it with grain, is attracting much attention in connection with the labor question. It is not only the absolute superiority of the grass crop under one or the other of these systems, but whether the extra labor of two plowings will compensate for superiority, is one of the great considerations. But it is a well-known fact that when grain and grass are sown together, the grass does not grow very strong in consequence of the struggle with the grain, and hence strong weeds get a chance to compete with the grass. In this case, the weeds soon conquer the legitimate occupants, and in a year or two the owner finds his grass has run out, and he has to break it up again for corn or potatoes or some other crop. There may be, after all, more labor required than if the grass was sown alone. But again another consideration arises. Many cereal and root crops do best when put on broken-up sod ground. Would it, after all, be any better for our regular rotating crops if we would keep our grass fields in a better condition for a greater number of years? All answers to these questions must depend on each individual circumstance. It will, however, be seen that the matter is a very complicated one, and not likely to be set at rest very soon by any general rule.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Turkish Clemency to Vermin.

A Turkish family often remove from one set of apartments to another in order to escape the fleas and other vermin. The insects take up their abode between the badly-joined planks and under the rugs. They increase and multiply because the Turks are unwilling to destroy animal life. A lady, familiar with Turkish manners, tells the following story of the Turks' clemency towards fleas:

"I was once visiting the house of a Pasha lately arrived at Adrianople. The Hanoun, a charming woman, was complaining bitterly to me of her rest having been much disturbed the previous night by the abundance of these creatures in her apartment. One of the slaves modestly remarked that she had occupied herself all the morning in scaiding the floor of the room her mistress had slept in, and expressed a hope that she would not be longer troubled in that respect. A general outcry against this slave's want of humanity was raised by all the women present, and a chorus of '*Yuzak! Gunah!*' (Pity! Sin!) was heard. It is curious that they raised no such outcry when they heard of the frightful destruction of human life that took place a few years later among their Christian neighbors in Bulgaria, but a few miles from their own secure homes."

Wakefulness.

Women require more sleep than men, other things being equal, the nervous system being more active. Few persons after fifty can sleep longer than seven hours, unless they are hard out-door workers. Healthy children under ten ought to have ten hours for sleep; school girls from twelve to eighteen ought to sleep at least nine hours. But from various causes there is a great difference in the amount of sleep required by different persons, hence each should observe for himself how much sleep he requires and arrange to give nature that much every night; if unusual exertions are made any day, sleep longer the night following. If kept up several hours later than usual, on chance occasions, arrange not to be disturbed in any way next morning, and when nature wakes up, get up and do not sleep any during the day, but go to bed at the regular hour and the increased soundness of sleep for that night will make up for the loss. If you cannot go to sleep when you first go to bed, give orders to be waked up at daylight, get up promptly, do not sleep a wink during the day, go to bed at your regular time, with directions to be waked up as before; in a week you will find that you can go to sleep promptly, thus you will soon find out how much sleep your system requires, and act accordingly. Always avoid sleeping in the day time; for if you require seven hours sleep and spend that much in sleep at night, whatever time you spend in sleep during the day must be deducted from that seven hours, or you will soon become wakeful again. If you wake up in the night, either go to bed two or three hours later, or when you wake get up, even if it be but one o'clock in the morning, and do not sleep a moment until your regular hour for going to bed. Nature loves regularity, and the four hours sleep from ten to two is worth six hours after twelve o'clock. The great rule is retire at a regular early hour and get up always as soon as you wake, if it is daylight.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Electrophone.

The French papers announce the successful working of a new instrument for the transmission of sound. The experiment was tried lately at Mans, Chef-lieu of the Department of Sarthe, in the office of the Maison chappee, the communication being with the foundries of Antoigne, some fifteen miles (twenty-four kilometres distant). The results were very far superior to anything ever effected by the telephone. The machinery consists simply of a small wooden case, enclosing another case of glass. Upon the latter are disposed little cylinders of pure carbon, which, by their differences of conductibility, transmit to the receiving post the vibrations of the voice or other sound. It is an exceedingly simple apparatus, but one denoting profound knowledge of the laws of accoustics. Moreover, it can be set up or taken down in a minute, and does not get out of order. The transmission of sound like that of the ordinary telephone is by means of a telegraphic wire, one wire only being used, for allowing the earth to return the current gives better results than when two wires are used. At twenty-four kilometres of distance different voices were readily distinguished. An air played upon a flute in a closed room adjoining and some thirty feet from the electrophone was heard with wonderful clearness. With this instrument one does not have to speak into any tube or opening but near the instrument in the ordinary voice. During this experiment at Mans the passing of a railway train within fifty feet did not interfere in the least with the clearness of the transmitted sounds. The inventor of this instrument, M. Maiche, declares that the instrument will work at any distance, and has not the least doubt that the human voice can be transmitted by means of it from France to America through the Atlantic cable.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Very intellectual boy that of yours, Mr. Goggins; I should like to examine his head." Proud father—"Johnny, what bumps have you got?" "I've got the bump of eating, father, and the bump that Billy Hopkins gave me on the nose; but I'm layin' for him."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Religious Column.

TWO TEMPLES.

"*Which temple ye are.*"

Two temples God hath builded Him,
His dwelling place to be,
The one is roofed with blue and gold
And paved with earth and sea;
Its pillars are the forest-shafts;
Its organ-swell, the breeze;
The echoes of its symphonies
Float wide among the trees.

Within this temple's treasure-vault
All gold and jewels lie,
Wiin every precious thought of God
Inwrought in earth or sky;
The hidden springs of life are there,
And Nature's endless chain:
Ten million myriad clasping links,
None falsely forged, or vain.

No center of barbaric pomp
Attests the temple's shrine,
No holiest of the holies; all
Is perfect, all divine.
Where priest and snowy acolyte
Pour ceaseless praise and prayer;
And the whole fane is flushed with light,
For God is everywhere.

The other temple, poor and mean
It seemeth unto me,
Narrow and ruinous and low,
And pitiful to see.
Its floors and walls are stained with sin,
Its chants are choked with tears,
Around the broken shafts of hopes
Sweep the sad blasts of fears.

In other not forgotten years
Foul spirits held their sway,
And round its altar day and night
Disported in their play;
And through the breach their entrance forced
The tempest sad and drear
Sweeps unresisted, and maintains
A winter all the year.

Yet He whose purpose hidden lies
Behind His loving will
Makes this His choice abiding-place,
And loves and guards it still;
Again He builds its altar-fires;
His Spirit warm and free
Breathes through its darkened corridors
Fresh life and liberty.

Two temples! One to worship grand
By bells of earth and air
Is calling all created things
For festal high and rare.
The other, where the Christ abides,
Sweet service day by day,
With homely interchange of love,
Doth in its ritual lay.

Two temples! Open eyes may see
God's glory everywhere,
And earthly ears may hear the bells
Proclaim it on the air;
But in the lowly and defiled,
Degraded and down-trod,
To see and prize the temple still
Is worthy of a God.

So we, while kneeling in the great,
While serving in the small,
Despise no temple's low estate,
Since God hath builded all;
But seek to open every heart
By love, and faith, and prayer,
That Christ may find His dwelling-place
And temple everywhere.

—*M. E. Winslow, in Christian Union.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

May 23—The Judgment.....Matt. 25:31-46
May 30—Gethsemane.....Matt. 26:30-35
June 6—The Crucifixion.....Matt. 27:33-50
June 13—After the Resurrection..Matt. 28: 8-20
June 20—Review of the Lessons.
June 27—Lesson selected by the School.

The Possibility of Death.

The following is extracted from a recent sermon on "Happiness and Problems," by Professor Swing, of Chicago:

It is perfectly possible for you and me to die next month, or next year. It is a problem whether you will be anywhere in the streets of earth a year or five years hence. We need not pause over the statement of this impressive uncertainty. We need not awaken our sleeping sorrows by recalling the multitude of those who have gone from us of late days—gone in their youth or middle life—gone when they fully expected to stay. You all know the height and depth of this inquiry. It needs no amplification, for the problem of when will this world end to you or me is so strange and deep that nothing can be added to it by any rhetoric. When will you cease to live? What an unopened book! No one on earth can break the seals and read the hidden date. But now mark the human success that comes from this enigma. I do not say that a greater success may not be coming to the inhabitants of some other world by some other influence than that of an uncertain grave, but of man as he is we must speak. Look at the two facts which greet all born into earth. (1) We cannot stay here always. The earth would not contain all its countless millions did none die. If other thousands of millions are to come, then we must pass away. To come to such a little world necessitates a short stay. We can visit earth, but we cannot live here. The second part (2) is, that we are imperfect beings, and this awful removal from this place must come in some manner that will help make us nobler men and women while we stay. The Almighty, therefore, says: "I will remove each generation in thirty-three years; but I will conceal from each one his own day of doom." When disease sweeps across the land all will fear, but not all will die. When the dark cloud comes up from the horizon, and when the lightnings flash and the thunder makes the hills tremble, all will wait in strange silence, but not all will die; out upon the seas in the storm all the inmates of the ship shall pray, but only one ship shall become a tomb, and thus all shall seem on the confines of death, and in such a pathetic world shall they think their thoughts and plan their actions. From early life to old age each one born into this planet shall be unable to boast of to-morrow, for between him and the future he sees this shadow lying.

Some atheists springing up in the fourth century affirmed that this world was not made by a God, for had it a wise author He would not have made a creature that sometimes died an infant, and often in all the beauty of early life. A wise God would have given each being a fixed term of existence. They alluded to the fact that brutes generally live a fixed number of years, whereas a man is a weak and powerless thing, more liable to die young than die old. To these atheists the father Lactantius replies that animals have no souls that may be influenced by any meditations upon dissolution, but man has a natural arrogance and vanity which are softened by this painful vicissitude. The elegant Latin points out what tenderness of parents springs up out of this frailty of their children, and what helpfulness springs up in society from the fact that all are traveling in a path liable any moment to be swept by storm. And then he makes a beautiful illustration. He says coarse and cruel animals, the lion, the serpent, the eagle, the hawk, go each apart, but all gentle and helpless creatures band together—the does and the deer. Thus man, feeling his helplessness, gathers up into society that all may help each other, and may hold the hand of each other when dark days come. Thus what atheism pointed out as a defect becomes an evidence of a Master Mind. Brutes die at a regular age, man at unknown times, because Nature permits brutes only to live, but to man the higher possibility of living well and beautifully. With the brute existence is the end desired, with man the end sought by the Creator is the quality of his existence. Brutes die, indeed, but man only can pronounce the word—tomb.

These several details will serve to illustrate our theme that much of the success of man as to property and as to learning, and as to morals and character come from the books sealed which no man can open. The unknown of to-morrow is as to property, and fame, and learning a constant allurement, and as to death a constant softening of all vanity and all hardness of the heart. An old King once commanded that death should never in any way be mentioned in his palace. He wished to assume, and have it assumed, that he should always reign. And no one for years spoke in his hearing any such hateful words, but some Dutch merchants, having once been admitted to his presence, alluded to the death of a European King, and the solemnity of the self-constituted immortal made it known by the shadow on his face that the silence of his family and his court had not silenced the secret thought in the spirit.

In such a world, where all of our youth stand to-day in presence of these unsolved things, the line of duty is clear—it being to approach all of them with the most possible of wisdom and integrity. As the pilots who guide the steamers down the rapids of the St. Lawrence hold a hand that is very strong and steady, and have a heart full of one thought—the safety and happiness of all in the boat—so must man move down the channel of this life with his eye marking well the whole way, and with a hand powerful, and with a heart full of wishes for the welfare of all. He must avoid the vices that cloud the mind or sully the honor, and thus move on toward the unfolding of the future on either side of the sepulcher. While John looked and wept much that no man could open the book, behold there came from the Eternal Throne One greater than man, and when that Hand touched the volume its seven seals began to fall asunder. And this much became disclosed: That in the Kingdom of God and Christ there is no success for vice or sin, but that the combined voices of angels announce the doctrine that they who do God's commandments shall enter through the gates into the city. You all, if you follow your highest duty, will find that One above man will come to you also in years near or afar, and will open many a sealed page, and will read to you in this life or the next words that will make amends for the "much weeping" of the times that were dark.

What Small Things Do.

The close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century was distinguished for the wonderful revelations made by the telescope. The vastness of the universe dawned upon men. Some found in these revelations of planet and satellite, of distant suns and more distant nebulæ, a fresh confirmation of the words of the Hebrew king:

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

But there were others who insisted that these discoveries made faith in Christianity impossible to an astronomer.

"What is this world," they asked, "but an insignificant star—among millions of stars? How can an astronomer believe that it, one of the smallest of stars, was the theater, and its ephemeral inhabitants the objects, of such providential interpositions as the Bible alleges?" "Why should the Creator of the universe thus distinguish one of the smallest of the countless stars that move in space?"

It was to meet this and similar objections to Christianity that Dr. Chalmers preached his "Astronomical Discourses." He met the revelations of the telescope by the revelations of the microscope. If, ran his argument, the one revealed a vast universe above man, the other revealed a universe below him. Why should not He who formed and cares for the bodies of millions of animalcules interpose in behalf of the souls of millions of men?

We were reminded of this argument in reading Prof. Barnard's article in the *Popular Science Monthly* entitled "Micro-organisms and their Effects in Nature." In it he shows that creatures too small to be seen by the naked eye are far more important as food-producers, as scavengers and as builders, than all the larger animals that have dwelt upon the earth. Infinitesimal though they are, they, nevertheless, exert an enormous influence on man and other organisms, and on the air, the water, and the solid earth.

Such revelations of the microscope show the depth of meaning in the words uttered by Jesus Christ to prove the special providence of God:

"Ye are of more value than many sparrows."—*Youth's Companion.*

In winter a route across Georgian Bay, Canada, is marked on the ice by bushes placed at intervals. James Cornell, who is near sighted, undertook to make the journey alone, but soon lost the path marks. Left on the miles of trackless ice, he walked two days in a vain search for the land. He had no food, and at the end of that time became crazed by hunger, cold and fatigue. Seventeen days afterward he was found by Indians. It is supposed that he had eaten nothing, and he was frightfully emaciated; but careful nursing has brought about his recovery.

The old records of the City of Charlotte, N. C., have been accidentally discovered, and now the people there are busy studying their past history. Among the old city ordinances is one that provides for the purchase of a city bull, and that this bovine champion shall be allowed to roam the streets unmolested.